THE CHILDREN'S SUNSHINE BOOK

BY MARTHA BEST TERRY
Illustrated by
ANNE EMILY BAILEY

THE REED PUBLISHING COMPANY
DENVER

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1903

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THIS BOOK
BELONGS TO

This Volume
is Lovingly Dedicated to My Little Daughter
for whom the stories were invented

DEAR LITTLE FOLK—I do not write
Of angry witches' acts;
Nor do I cause your tears to flow
By sad and dreary facts.

But simply tell to you, my dears,
Some tales of childhood's hour—
Of country life and joy and peace,
And tree and stream and flower;

Of fairies good; and children's pets,
That fill their lives with gladness;
And nature's wondrous store of joys,
Without a touch of sadness.

So this I'll call a SUNSHINE BOOK,
Which every girl and boy
May open on a dreary day
And find content and joy.

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"Did you mean this for me,
for my very own Baby?"
Anne Dailey

The Children's Sunshine Book

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY

THE Thomas family were in a state of excitement over the following letter which had just been received by the father of the family:

"DEAR NEPHEW—I find the farm very lonely since your dear uncle died; especially so this summer, and I have been thinking how your children would brighten up the old place. Could you and Mamie let me have Charlie and Grace for a month? I should consider it a great favor, and should try to make their visit a happy one. If they can come, please send them in the care of my foreman, Mr. Lewis, who will spend next week in your city, returning on Saturday. He will call upon you soon after arriving in the city, and I have instructed him to attend to their railroad tickets, if you consent to my plans.

"Tell Mamie to pack their old clothes, as they will only wear

their good ones upon Sundays. I want them to have a good, romping time of it. I shall take the best of care of them.

"Hoping to hear soon that I may expect them,

"With love to you all,

"AUNT MARY."

Mr. Thomas had read the letter aloud at the dinner table, and before he had finished two pairs of little hands were clapping joyously and two earnest voices exclaimed: "Of course you'll let us go! Won't you? Oh, what fun we'll have on the farm! Hurrah for Aunt Mary!"

But their parents looked rather sober over the invitation. How could they live a whole month without their children. And a day's journey seemed a long ways from home to them. Besides, Aunt Mary was unused to children, and had remarked once, when upon a visit to them, that Charles' children were certainly the most restless beings she had ever seen. To be sure, they were older now. Grace was eight and Charlie ten years of age, but still they were very active young people, and might disturb Aunt Mary, who was an old lady.

The father looked across the table to the mother and said: "I shall leave it all with you, Mamie. You can decide as you please."

"Then I'll take a day to think it over, dear," she replied. "That means we'll go, Grace," whispered Charlie. "When mamma says that, it's as good as a yes." And so it proved to be this time, for when Mr. Lewis started upon his return trip to the farm, two

happy young faces nodded a last "Good-bye" to Papa and Mamma from the car window.

From the moment the train started there was plenty to claim their attention, for the country looked very fresh and beautiful, and they crossed many clear, rippling streams, and rode for miles along the shore of a large lake. To these little folks, who had never before been over a dozen miles from home, the journey was indeed a wonderful one.

Late in the afternoon they reached the railroad station nearest the farm and found Aunt Mary awaiting them in a carriage drawn by a span of handsome black horses. She greeted them most cordially.

As they drove off, Charlie, who was a great admirer of horses, exclaimed: "What fine horses you have, Aunt. Have you any burros for me to ride on the farm?" His dearest chum had once visited upon a mountain farm (or ranch, as it is called) and had ridden on a burro.

"No, we have no burros, but I think you'll find something you'll enjoy quite as well," replied Aunt Mary with a smile. And so he did, for just as they stopped at the door of the pleasant-looking farm house he noticed a Shetland pony with a saddle on his back. "Whose pony is that?" he exclaimed. "It is for a little boy to ride, who has come a long way to visit his old Auntie." And before his Aunt could finish her sentence, the delighted boy was out of the carriage and into the saddle with a bound and patting the pretty pony on the back. A moment more and he was back at his

Aunt's side, throwing both arms about her in a big, grateful hug that brought tears of joy to the dim old eyes.

Grace was as pleased as her brother about the pony, but Aunt Mary turned to her and said: "Come, little girlie, I think we can find something for you in the house." And in the library, on a cunning little rocking-chair, sat a beautiful French doll, dressed as a baby, its arms outstretched toward her.

"Oh Aunt! Did you mean this for me,—for my very own baby? Oh, oh!" she gasped, too full of joy for further utterance, clasping the beautiful doll baby to her breast.

Aunt Mary had wisely planned these surprises to prevent an attack of homesickness this first night away from their home and parents.

After supper they took a short walk about the farm, and then went upstairs to bed early, as they were quite tired. Aunt Mary took Grace into a dear little blue room. "This is where I slept when I was a little girl," she explained, "and my parents slept in the next room, which I now occupy. I thought you'd like to be close to me."

Then she took Charlie to his room across the hall. "What a lovely, old-fashioned room this is," said the boy. "I'm so glad I can sleep in this high, four-poster bed. I never saw one before. Aren't all these things very old?"

"Yes, indeed they are. You are the fourth Charlie-boy to sleep in this old room and bed. It first belonged to my father (your great-grandfather) when he was a boy. Next my brother (your

grandfather) used it. Then your father slept here when he used to visit the old home. They all grew up good men, Charlie, and I have no doubt you'll be like them. When you blow out your candle, think how all those other Charlies have blown theirs out, as their candles rested in this same stick and upon this same table."

No wonder the little boy dreamed that night that two old men stood by his bed (one holding the candle) looking thoughtfully upon him as he lay there. The older man said: "Charles, my son, your grandson sleeps sweetly in our old bed," and the other old man answered: "Yes, and what a big boy he is growing to be. When I left the world he was just a little baby. I hope he'll be as good a man as my boy, Charles—for I'm very proud of my son."

Next day the children had a long ramble about the farm before going to church. The young colts, calves, baby lambs and newly-hatched chickens delighted them exceedingly. While they stood watching the chickens they witnessed a funny sight. Brownie, the Shetland pony, stood close to the high wire-netting gate that separated his yard from the chicken yard. The hens were gathered close to the fence and were clucking away, apparently to Brownie, who seemed to be listening intently. Suddenly Brownie shoved the button fastener up and pushed in the gate, letting all the hens out. Of course, they made straight for the gardens, so the children shood them back and then tied the gate. When they told Aunt Mary, she said she had noticed the hens out and the gate open several times since she had bought Brownie, but never had guessed

that he let them out. Surely the hens had asked him to open the gate, and he could understand their language.

It would be impossible to relate all the pleasant experiences that these little children had during that first visit upon the farm. They both learned to milk cows and churn butter, and Charlie learned to swim in the river close by. Both became quite expert fishermen. Then the delightful rides on Brownie and the big bouquets they picked of wild flowers and of Aunt's old-fashioned garden flowers!

Although they did want to see their parents, still they were very sorry when they had to bid good-bye to Aunt Mary and the farm.

And Aunt Mary, who had found them such a comfort and pleasure, was so lonely after they left that she soon made their parents a long visit. While she was visiting them, she often was away from their home hours at a time alone. She would explain that she'd been visiting her friend, Mrs. Smith. Although they urged her to spend Xmas with them, she left for home upon the twenty-fourth, the very day before that glad holiday. She made them promise to spend the next day with Mrs. Smith, though both Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were very loathe to visit a lady whom they did not know. However, to please Aunt Mary, on Xmas morning they rang the door-bell of a beautiful new house on one of the finest residence streets of the city and inquired for Mrs. Smith of the maid who opened the door. "I am Mrs. Smith, ma'am, Jennie Smith, whom Mrs. Mason engaged to do housework

here. If you are her folks, the Thomas family, just walk in and read the note she's left for you." They did so, the note reading as follows:

"My Dear Charles, Mamie, Charlie and Grace—I wish you all a most merry Xmas. At the National Bank you will find the deed to this residence and furniture, etc., which I give to you as a Xmas present. Enclosed find a check with which to defray the extra expense of running this new home. I intend to send you a similar one each Xmas.

"As you know, I have quite an abundance of this world's goods, and now I wish to see those I love best enjoy it while I live.

"I intend to be a frequent visitor in your home and wish to have all of you visit me upon the farm every summer.

"With much love to you all,

"Aunt Mary."

For a while no one could speak; they were all breathless with surprise and joy. Then a glad shout went up from two little throats, while big tears rolled down their parents' cheeks.

Next came an inspection of the beautiful house. The rooms were large and elegantly furnished. Each bed-room was especially suited to the individual tastes of the one who was to occupy it. The children found desks and book-cases, with good books upon the shelves, in their dainty rooms. And when they inspected the stable they found a fine horse and trap and little Brownie, who had been sent in from the farm.

When they sat down in their new dining room to a sumptuous

dinner, served upon delicate china, they were quite too full of joy and excitement to eat much.

"Isn't it all just like a beautiful fairy tale," exclaimed little Grace.

"Yes," said her mamma, "it certainly is, and dear Aunt Mary is our good fairy."

"Yes," chimed in Charlie, "she is certainly our good Xmas fairy. Three cheers for dear Aunt Mary! May she long live, healthy and happy!" And all the happy Thomas family joined in the cheers.

Lena, who stood there in her place, held out the beautiful new Christmas doll

THE FAIRY WAND

O, INDEED; I'll not give my old doll Mamie away! I'll break her first! What if I don't play with her any more! She's my doll, and no one else can have her!" The selfish little girl who was speaking stamped her foot angrily to emphasize what she was saying. "But, Edith, think of poor little Lena. She has no doll, nor anything else to play with. Now that you have your beautiful new dolly, I think you might give Mamie to Lena. Mamma don't want her little girl to be selfish. Come, give me Mamie to put into the package I am making up for the Peterson family. I can wrap her up in the dress I've made for Lena and you may go with Max when he takes the New Year's basket and see Lena's face brighten with joy when she opens her package."

"No; she can't have my doll, I tell you! I don't like Lena Peterson. She's stuck up because she's ahead of me at school. I won't speak to a girl that's dressed in rags and patches, and neither will any of the nice girls."

Poor Mrs. Brown turned away with a deep sigh. Why was it that her darling child was growing up so selfish and unkind?

Surely she had done everything possible to teach her to be generous and loving! It often seemed to her that all her work had been in vain—that her Edith would never grow into a sweet, noble woman who would be a help in the world.

All that day, though it was the last day in the old year, little Edith was cross and fretful. Nothing pleased her, and she finally went to bed crying lustily over some fancied wrong. She would not say her prayer, and her mother kissed her "good-night" with tears in her eyes, but Edith was too angry to notice that.

Late in the night the little girl awakened. A beam of moonlight lightened her little room, and she beheld a dainty little creature standing by her bed, gazing thoughtfully at her. She knew at once that this was a fairy, though she had never before seen one. The fairy spoke thus in sweet, silvery tones: "Edith, I am the fairy of the New Year. The old year has just departed, and I am here to help you this year. I am told that during the past year you have been selfish, disobedient and unhappy. I find that you have loving parents and a beautiful home—everything that a child should want—and yet you do not appreciate these blessings. I have just visited a poor home where there's a little girl always cheerful and kind, though she has little to be grateful for and very much to make her unhappy. I have decided to change you two little girls—to put you in Lena Peterson's place and to put her in yours. And I shall keep you in your new home until you show that you have become worthy of the blessings God has bestowed upon you. You see this little golden stick? This is a fairy wand,

and when I touch you with it you will fall asleep and awake in Lena Peterson's bed. Don't try to return home until it is my wish. Good conduct alone will hasten your return." Then Edith felt the touch of the wand upon her forehead and she knew no more.

Next morning before she had opened her eyes, she thought what a strange dream she had had in the night, but even as the thought passed through her mind, an angry voice called out: "Get up, you lazy Lena! Don't you hear the baby crying? Are you going to lie abed all day?"

She opened her eyes in astonishment and beheld herself in Lena's poor, squalid little home. In another corner of the room lay a pale, sickly-looking woman upon a bed, and near the stove sat a big, ugly-looking man, while beside her upon a bed of straw lay a homely, crying baby. She pinched herself to find if she were really awake, and again the ugly voice snarled: "You hear me, girl! Get up—and do it quickly!" Terribly frightened, she hastily slipped into the shabby clothes beside the bed and took up the crying babe. The sick woman called out: "Fix his food, Lena. He's hungry."

"But where is his food?" she replied. "What do you give him to eat?"

"Is the child crazy?" yelled the man, springing to his feet.

"Now, Hans, don't strike her," coaxed Lena's mother. "She hasn't quite awakened from a sound sleep. Just bring the pail of milk to me, child, and get me some hot water from the kettle, and I can fix it for him."

All that day she did what she was bid in a dazed sort of way. Taking scoldings and even blows from the half-drunken father of the family and, by her seeming stupidity, causing Lena's mother to fear that the child was really sick. She would have run away and gone home had not a glance into the broken looking-glass assured her that her own parents wouldn't know her, as she had assumed the face and form of Lena. Besides, she had no decent garment to wear out of doors.

She had asked for the new dress which she knew her own mother had sent Lena, but the mother had whispered to her that the father had sold it for whisky. So the days dragged on. Sometimes she had felt inclined to be very cross, but the memory of what the fairy had said about good conduct hastening her return home kept her kind and cheerful. She had been with the Petersons nearly a week, and had begun to fear that she would be obliged to go to school as poor Lena Peterson, when the baby was taken sick. Mrs. Peterson bid her go at once to Mrs. Brown and ask for medicine for the sick child. She said: "Go to the back door, Lena, and ask very politely for Mrs. Brown; then tell her just how the baby seems."

Imagine how she felt when the door was opened by her own mother, with a little girl standing beside her who looked just as she had looked a week ago. When she tried to speak a big lump came into her throat and choked her, so that she could scarcely make them understand her errand. How she longed to leap into her mother's arms and cover her dear face with kisses! Dear,

kind Mrs. Brown patted her upon the head and said that she was a dear little girl to love her baby brother so much—thinking she was crying on account of his sickness. Lena, who stood there in her place, held out the beautiful new Xmas doll and begged her to take it home with her. Mrs. Brown smiled and kissed the child tenderly for her generosity, and then hurried from the room, taking the cook with her, to help find the medicine.

The two little changelings looked at each other in wonder and sorrow. "Oh," said the real Lena, "how I should like to go home to take care of mamma and the baby!" And the real Edith sobbed out: "Oh, my mamma, my own mamma didn't know me!"

Suddenly the New Year's fairy entered the room. She smiled sweetly upon Edith and said: "You have done well. I believe if you return to your blessings now, you'll never again cease to prize them. As for Lena, she is always a good girl, and I shall see that she gets her reward." Then she touched the girls again with her magic wand and suddenly each was transformed back to her own form and face and clothes. Then the fairy vanished just as Mrs. Brown entered the kitchen.

When Lena went home she rode in the Brown's family carriage, and it was heaped with good things for herself and her sick mother and baby brother. And when, a little later, Mr. Peterson went away never again to return to his family, Mr. and Mrs. Brown had Mrs. Peterson and her children moved into a cosy

cottage, and they took good care of all of them until Lena grew up and earned a fine salary as a teacher.

Edith grew to be as good and generous and loving a woman as her mother, and was a constant joy to her beloved parents and a real help in the world.

Peggy, on Ordinary Occasions

PEGGY'S DISCOVERY

A LITTLE girl stood by the cooking-stove stirring some gruel. Big tears were falling into the saucepan and salting the gruel, and the swelled eyelids were almost as red as the hair that crowned the round, fat, little face. Little Peggy was really a comical sight, so short and fat, with a face covered by big brown freckles and a saucy little pug nose. Yet, usually, few would pass her by without noticing how bright and happy was the little face underneath the short, stubby, brick-red hair.

The day upon which this story begins, all the joy seemed to have gone out of her life, and her poor little heart was filled with woe. Her mother was lying in the next room, pale and worn with sickness. A few hours since, the doctor had called and had left a little medicine, with the advice that his patient go at once to the cool mountains, as probably nothing else would build up her strength. It was easy advice to give, but not so easy to follow, and Peggy had heard her mother say: "But, Doctor, that is impossible. You must give me medicine to make me well; I cannot go

away." And, young as she was, she knew the reason her mother couldn't go. She had watched the worried, care-worn look grow upon her father's face, and she knew that money, or rather the want of it, was causing her parents many sleepless nights. The days were now very warm, and warmer ones would soon come, and she felt that the doctor was right, that her beloved mother could never gain strength in the close, hot air of their small apartment. But she dried her eyes and tried to look cheerful when she took the gruel to her mother, and coaxed her to take it all. Then she stole down the stairs and out upon the walk to meet her father. She told him what the doctor had said, adding: "Oh, papa, don't you think we could send her? I can get a position as cash-girl down town, and still find time to cook your meals. We must have her go—some way." Her father kissed the eager little face and answered: "Yes, dear, we will have her go; but don't you worry about it, my dear little housekeeper."

That evening her father sold his highly-prized watch, a gift from his father, now dead, and with the money he sent his wife, with Peggy to care for her, up into the health-giving mountains.

Peggy's father had a small grocery, and during those hard times had found it very difficult to pay his bills and save out enough to support his family, even in the cheapest possible way. Failure seemed almost inevitable—then what could he do? No one wanted more help. The great question with merchants was how to pay the clerks they already had. How glad he was to sell his

watch and so be able to send his wife away for the much-needed change.

* * * * * * *

Peggy and her mother found a boarding-house with a kindly old couple who had lived many years in the heart of the great mountains. The invalid began at once to improve, and was soon able to walk about. One day their kind host took them for a drive, and while they were enjoying the grandeur of the scenery he told them many interesting stories of old, stage-coach days. One of these stories particularly interested his hearers. In those days the coaches were often help up by wicked desperadoes, and once there had been a great robbery close by their host's cabin. None of the passengers were held up, but a heavy oak chest, filled with ten thousand dollars in gold and silver currency that was being expressed to the bank at F———, a thriving mining camp, was taken. Though searching parties were soon scouring the mountains for the bandits, neither they nor the chest of money had ever been found.

Peggy was especially interested in the stolen chest, and asked many questions about it, finally avowing her intentions of trying to find it, as their host had mentioned that the bandits had probably hidden it before they fled the country, as so heavy a burden would have hindered their flight. Her mother laughed at the idea, but true to her word, the little girl began to search behind bushes and to upturn stones as soon as they returned from their drive.

That night Peggy and her mother were awakened by a terrific thunder storm. The heavy claps of thunder and vivid flashes of

lightning so terrified the child that she hid her face in the pillow and cried with fear, until her mother had assured her that God was in the storm, and would care for her as well as upon the brightest, most peaceful day. Then she stood with her mother by the window and watched the furious storm. Suddenly there was a terrific crash of thunder and a blinding flash of lightning, and they saw a huge tree struck and torn up by its roots upon the mountain side, not two hundred feet away. Then suddenly, as though having fulfilled its purpose, the storm ceased and all was quiet again among those everlasting hills. But the shivering mother and child who had watched the awful work of the storm king laid awake for a long time.

Next morning, bright and early, they climbed up to where the grand old pine lay stricken upon the mountain. Peggy, with a child's curiosity, stood digging with a long stick into the hole that the tree's fall had left, when she suddenly cried out: "Look, mamma! See what I've found! I do believe it is the chest of money!" And there, sure enough, deep in the hole lay a chest of oak, bound with heavy bands of iron. Peggy's mother, after taking a good look at it, had the little girl help her to cover it up again with rocks and sand, and then telegraphed her husband to come up at once. When he arrived, and had forced open the cover of the chest, they were dazzled by the heaps of shining gold and silver. They took it at once to the city and had it locked in a bank vault. Then Peggy's papa sent a lawyer to inquire what the express company would give to recover the stolen money, and as the company

had never expected to find it at all, they offered to give the finder half of the contents of the chest. So Peggy received five thousand dollars. The money was such a help to her father that he afterwards became a very wealthy merchant.

If you could see Peggy now, you would not recognize her from the description at the beginning of this story. The brick-red hair has turned to a beautiful shade of auburn and grown long and silky; the freckles have all disappeared from her face and left a beautiful complexion, and she has grown into a tall, slender, graceful young woman. She is no longer called Peggy, but is spoken of as "beautiful Miss Mary."

Travelled all that hot afternoon, vainly searching for some familiar object along the roadside.

THE WANDERINGS OF BILLY-GOAT

ILLY-GOAT was as fine a specimen of his kind as could be found. His coat was fine and soft, and was a combination of black and white. He was a proud little fellow, but as gentle as the proverbial lamb. He lived upon a farm and was the property of two jolly, mischievous, little twin boys called Teddy and Tad. Some days his little masters kept him pretty steadily upon the trot, driving round and about the little farm. They had a cunning little red cart and harness for him. Billy dearly loved his little masters, and they loved him, too, but sometimes he found life rather monotonous, and wished that he could leave the farm and see something of the great world.

One day he told his old friend Nanny-Goat of his ambition to get out and see something outside the farm gate. She inquired: "Then why don't you go to the city?"

"But how can I get out? You know that I cannot open the big gate."

Now Nanny had a jealous disposition, and had long been envious of Billy's pretty harness, so she suggested that he hide

himself among the sheep that his master was to send to town the next morning, and then he could get a nice trip to the city. Nanny, who was old and experienced, well knew why those sheep were to be taken to the city, but she didn't give poor little Billy a hint of that. So the goat succeeded in getting into the midst of the drove next morning, without attracting the attention of the drovers.

At first he thought it great fun to run along the wide road, pass by other farms and ford the shallow streams, but by and by, as the sun rose higher in the heavens and the air grew very hot, he began to wish himself at home under his favorite tree, where he could keep cool and take his noon-day nap. And then he grew hungry and wished that Teddy and Tad could bring him his good dinner, as they always had, and feeling tired and hungry and home-sick, he gradually dropped back to the rear of the drove, when he heard this frightful conversation between the drovers:

"Yes, indeed, this drive will cut up into a nice lot of lamb and mutton for the market. Lamb is very high now, and our master will make a lot of money from this sale," remarked one.

Poor little Billy began to tremble violently with fear at the sudden knowledge that this drove was being taken to the slaughter-house, instead of upon a sight-seeing trip to the great city, as Nanny had inferred.

He at once made his plans to slip away, and to hurry back again to the comfortable farm. So he slipped behind a bush and remained hidden until the sheep and drovers had passed. Then

he started for home, resolved never again to leave the dear old farm.

But alas, he soon came to the intersection of two roads and couldn't remember which one he had just traveled over. So he guessed wrong and traveled all that hot afternoon, vainly searching for some familiar object along the roadside. At length, despondent, and fearful lest he should not reach home that night, he dragged himself to a mound of hay in an unfenced field and, after eating a good meal, lay down and went to sleep.

Early next morning he was awakened by the sound of many voices, and opened his eyes to behold many children hopping about him and coaxing their father to let them keep the goat. At first the father was in favor of making mutton of him, but finally consented to let them have him to play with, remarking that goats could live upon nails, tin cans, etc., and so he'd be no expense to keep. Poor Billy almost wished that he had stayed with the drove and been slaughtered, for he did not fancy such a diet as the man had prescribed for him. But the children hailed the decision with shouts of delight, and soon began to haul and pull poor Billy about.

The next few days were pretty hard ones for Billy. They hitched him to a heavy cart and then all the youngsters would pile into it and beat him to keep him upon the trot, until poor Billy would think that he would surely drop dead. When they were through driving, they would hitch him to a post with such a short rope that he couldn't lie down, and they gave him so little to eat that he began to think he could even eat the nails and tin cans the

children's father had mentioned upon that unfortunate first morning of their acquaintance.

Ah, if he could only break that hateful rope and get away! Tired and faint as he was, he believed he could run very fast to escape his tormentors.

Ah, for one glimpse of his dear, kind, little masters, Teddy and Tad! Why did he ever leave them and "Home, Sweet Home?" The big tears of remorse often ran down his nose, as he thought of the happy life he had left.

At length, by chewing for many nights upon the rope, he succeeded in breaking it, and started off early one morning before the family were awake. He hurried along for hours, lest they overtake him, but as the day grew hotter his gait grew slower until, finally, he dropped down beside the road too weak to take another step.

After a time he heard wheels approaching, but didn't even glance up until he heard two joyous voices shout: "Mamma, look! Here's our Billy-Goat!" Then, tired as he was, he pranced about in glee and lovingly and penitently licked the hands of his little masters. They tied him behind the carriage and drove the horse at a slow walk, for they could see how very tired Billy was. When they reached the farm they gave him a big dinner, and then let him do nothing but sleep and eat for several days, for they could see that he'd had a hard time while away. But they could never guess what an experience he had been through, or how penitent he felt.

Nanny-Goat was the only living thing upon the place that

didn't rejoice over his return. She had been wearing his pretty harness and drawing his red cart during his absence, and had felt assured that he was cut up and sold for chops before this, so that at first she thought she saw a ghost when he reappeared.

And Billy, having discovered her to be a false friend, never held any further conversation with her. But he told the old dog of her treachery, and the news soon spread all over the farm, and after that Nanny was shunned by every animal upon the place, and lived a very lonely life.

As for Billy, he never could be coaxed outside the farm gate again, and, as he drew his dear little masters about in their red cart, he felt that he was the most fortunate goat in all the world.

Fred and Grace were twins of eight years
and the dearest of chums

THE TWINS' ADVENTURE

RED AND GRACE were twins of eight years, and were the dearest of chums, neither enjoying aught that could not be shared with the other. Their parents had two other children, Elizabeth, a tall girl of eleven years of age, and a dear baby boy. Their mamma liked to keep the twins near home, as she felt much easier about them when they were within calling distance. Not that they were naughty children, only rather too venturesome—and thus often in trouble. One beautiful June their Sabbath school was to give an excursion far up into the mountains. Mamma had said that Elizabeth could go with her young friends, but that she couldn't think of such a thing as to trust the twins to go without her, and that she must remain at home to take care of baby. It was a sad disappointment to the children, who couldn't understand why Sister Elizabeth should have all the good times—just because she was a little older than themselves.

"Dear mamma, we are always kept at home. Please let us go this time," they urged. "We'll be very careful and stay with

Elizabeth all day, and do just as she wishes. Indeed we will. Only try us—just this once."

When papa was consulted, he was in favor of letting them go. He said it was true that they had been kept too closely at home and missed many good times. He suggested that Gus, the trustworthy man who worked about the place, be sent to take charge of the children. At length mamma consented, though reluctantly, for she greatly feared that some harm would come to her precious twins.

The picnic day arrived—a bright and glorious morning. Mamma put them up a big basket of goodies for the lunch and then kissed the happy, rosy faces of her darlings, calling after them many words of advice as they hurried away to the depot.

What a day they had! First, the long, beautiful ride on the train; then the jolly games and the good luncheon in the picnic grounds; then long climbs up the mountains until their little legs ached with the exertion and they were glad to get back into the cars for their return trip.

The cars were partly filled when our little party got aboard, and so they could not all sit together, but Fred and Grace managed to find a seat at the rear end of the car and sat there together, chatting gayly of the events of that great day. All went beautifully until, when within a few miles of the city, the train slowed up suddenly. Fred stuck his head out of the window to see if he could discover the reason for the change of speed and the wind blew off his hat and sent it flying over the prairie.

Now the hat was a new straw one of which Fred was very proud, so, without a thought of the consequences, he dashed out of the car door and jumped from the platform. His little sister had not even time to call out, "Don't Fred."

That Grace should follow him had never occurred to Fred—but the thought of letting Fred go without her was too much for the devoted little sister, so, in an instant, she, too, had jumped. There they stood,—two little tots, all alone on the broad prairie, with their train rushing away from them, and not a house in sight. Without a thought of their loneliness, they began to search for the lost hat. For a long time they hunted, moving about among the high weeds, but all in vain.

At last the fast-fading daylight warned them to turn homewards.

"Oh, Freddie, aren't we a long, long way from home? See, it's getting dark! Do you know the way? Perhaps we're lost." Poor, frightened Grace began to cry.

"Pshaw, I wish you'd staid on the train! Girls are such cry-babies. Course I know the way home. Just have to follow the railroad track—that's easy enough. I'm not silly enough to be afraid of the dark." And then, ashamed that he had spoken so sharply to his dear sister, he added: "Come on, sis. Take hold of my hand, and I'll take care of you. Of course, women folks can't be as brave as we men."

So on they trudged, their short legs aching and their stomachs faint with hunger, for they had traveled far since the early

luncheon at the picnic grounds. Finally they reached a railroad bridge crossing a small creek. Grace stopped short. "I can't cross that in the dark," she exclaimed. "Oh, yes you can. I'll help you," said Fred reassuringly. "It's no use to say anything more about it. I simply can't cross it. I'd fall through and get killed if I tried." And the poor, tired, little girl sat down upon the ground and began to sob aloud.

"Never mind, Gracie, we'll find a wagon road. There must be one close by," said the little brother.

But though they walked a long way, they couldn't find the road, and at last, spying a dim light in the distance, they hurried toward it and soon found themselves in front of a log house, surrounded by a fence.

"Oh, Fred, I'm afraid to open the gate; they may keep dogs."

"Then you stay outside, and I'll go in and inquire the way."

"No; I'll go with you," she decided, trying to swallow the big lump in her throat. Fortunately no dog appeared, as they made their way to the door. Their knock was answered by a big, rough-looking man, who held a lamp in his hand to enable him to see the intruders, for now it was quite dark.

"Well, I declare," he exclaimed, when he had heard their story. "You kids have had a pretty tough experience. You come right in and have some victuals, and then I'll show you the road."

Fred was about to accept the invitation, when Grace pulled his sleeve and hastily answered: "No, thank you; we're not hungry,

and we really must hurry home. We just want you to tell us how to find the road, please."

"That I'll do for you, little Missy; I'll just go along with you till you're safely headed toward the city. And don't you be afraid of me, if I am a pretty tough-looking customer. Away back in the States, I have a little girl of my own, just about your size, and I get mighty lonesome to see her, too." And the man brushed a tear off his cheek.

Then they walked on with him quite trustingly, and when they bid him good-bye they felt as though they were parting from an old friend.

"Now, this here's your road, and you're about three miles from the city. Wish I had a nag, so I could drive you in, for I can see you're mighty tired. Well, good-bye—and good luck to you."

Oh, that long three miles! It seemed like thirty. But at last, foot-sore and trembling with weariness, they climbed the steps of their own home. A bright light burned in the hall, and through the open door they could hear their mother weeping.

"What's the matter, mamma?" they called out in alarm.

"Oh, my darlings,—my dear lost babies! Thank God, I have you safely home again!" their mother exclaimed, as she folded them to her breast.

Then she was told their story, and she was too thankful to reprimand them, but hastily prepared some supper, and after they had eaten, bathed their poor, little feet and tucked them into bed.

She then listened for their father, for he and Elizabeth had returned to the depot to send dispatches to the way-stations inquiring for the children, and then driven around to ask many of the picnickers if they knew aught of their lost ones. As there were no telephones in those days, the mother could not way-lay them by that means to tell the good news.

When she heard the carriage wheels stop in front she hurried to the gate, calling out: "John, dear, they're here—safely home!"

Fred and Grace are now grown-up people, and have little ones of their own to love and to worry over, but they often say they are thankful that their children do not play such pranks as they used to play. And they do not wonder that their mother's head is crowned with snow.

She was christened
Margaret,
but her friends
called her Madge
or
Little White
Sunbonnet.
Anne Hailey

CLOVER AND HER BABIES

ADGE lived with her parents upon a small farm adjoining a very pretty little village. She was christened Margaret, but her friends called her either "Madge" or "Little White Sunbonnet." Now, wasn't the latter a very funny name for a little girl? All through the long summer, and on some bright days in the winter, she wore a little white sunbonnet to protect her delicate pink-and-white skin. She had the beautiful complexion that often accompanies auburn hair, and her mother took great care that it should not be marred by freckles.

When she was a tiny maiden her mother would exclaim, when she would come bounding into the house, "Just to see mamma a minute": "Here comes mother's dear Little White Sunbonnet," and gradually the neighbors borrowed the expression, "Little White Sunbonnet."

Their house stood at the end of the farm nearest the village, so Madge had not far to walk to school. Several of her dearest friends lived close by, so that she had her playmates.

You would search far to find a happier, more contented child than little Madge. Though her parents were quite poor, she never lacked for interesting play-things. The calves, puppies, kittens and baby pigs were the dearest of these.

One morning, at breakfast, her father exclaimed: "Come, Madge, you must think up a name for the new baby."

"A new baby, father! Where is it?"

"Oh, I thought you must have heard me tell your mother that Clover has a baby."

Clover was the pet of all their cows, and the little girl lost no time in running out to the pasture to see Clover's baby. Such a dear little red calf, with a white nose! Madge selected "Clover-Blossom" for its name, which they all thought quite appropriate.

She made a great pet of Clover-Blossom, and soon, if she stepped into the big field where Clover and her calf were and called "Clover-Blossom," the little thing would kick up its heels and come bounding towards her like a pup. She would eat things from Madge's hand, and whenever she saw the little girl coming along the road she would push her head out between the bars and call for her. Her call sounded like "Ma-Ma," and so Madge called herself Clover-Blossom's other mother, and called the calf "My dear child," which greatly amused her friends.

One sweet summer day, as Madge was playing in the meadow, she heard the shrill whistle of an engine, and looked up in time to see Clover-Blossom calmly munching some grass which grew between the rails, while the train was rapidly approaching. There

was not a moment to spare, so the frightened little girl just called out "Clover-Blossom!" as loudly as she could, and the calf came bounding down the embankment just in time.

When Madge told her father of the narrow escape, he said: "Now I shall give you Clover-Blossom for your very own. You saved her life. I hope that she will grow up to be as fine a milk cow as her mother is, and always be fond of her little mistress."

You can imagine that Madge was very proud of her new possession. She already owned two pigs, a lamb and several pups, kittens and chickens, so she felt quite wealthy.

She would not allow her father to brand the calf, as he did the others on the farm, for she knew that the hot iron, with which they burn the marks upon the hides, would hurt her pet, but this was the occasion of a great deal of trouble and anxiety to her a little later.

A bad man who lived near them stole the calf and had his brand burnt upon her side. They hunted everywhere for the missing calf, and finally had about given up finding her, when, one day, as Madge was passing the wicked man's field, a calf pushed its head through the bars and called "Ma-Ma." When the little girl ran to the fence and rubbed the pretty white nose, crying: "Oh, my child! my dear Clover-Blossom! I am so glad that I've found you!" the little thing trembled with joy, and big tears ran from her soft brown eyes. Then Madge ran home and told her father, who soon made the wicked neighbor return the calf, and

could have put him into prison, too, had he not taken pity upon the man's wife and children.

A few years passed, and Clover-Blossom, now called Blossom, for a shorter name, had a dear little calf of her own. Of course, this calf was also Madge's, and she named her "Sweet-Clover," declaring that all Clover's descendants must bear her name, either as a prefix or an affix to their given names. She should name the next Clover-Leaf, then Clover-Field, etc. Sweet-Clover's name was soon abbreviated to "Sweetie."

It was very funny to see old Clover take care of her granddaughter. She seemed to consider Blossom quite too young and giddy to properly bring up this calf. It was plainly to be seen that Blossom resented this, and preferred to take the whole care of her own baby.

Madge always milked Blossom herself, so one day, when the little girl was too ill to go out into the barn-yard, Blossom would not allow anyone to milk her, but kicked over the pail and behaved very naughty.

The next evening, as Madge was still confined to the house, a young girl who was visiting on the farm put on Madge's white sunbonnet and succeeded in milking Blossom before she caught a glimpse of the stranger's face beneath the bonnet. When Blossom found that she had been deceived, she kicked with all her might, but, fortunately, the girl with the milk-pail was safely out of her reach.

As "Little White Sunbonnet" grew older, she began to wish

that she might go to college, after she should finish the course of study in the village school. So she planned to earn enough to pay her way through. She sold milk and eggs and butter to her friends in the village and put aside her money for her college expenses.

She studied hard and became a very brilliant young woman, of whom her relatives and friends were justly proud.

In after years, when she spoke of the educational advantages with which she had been favored, she would always declare that she owed everything to Clover and her babies.

Feeling quite discouraged one beautiful afternoon.

CHARLEY-BOY

HEN Captain Carter's ship was lost at sea, all the crew went down with her. Many homes were left desolate, and none more so than the brave captain's, for his widow and four children not only had their great grief to bear, but also had to face actual poverty. The neighbors all pitied poor, little Mrs. Carter, but, as they were not blessed with any more means than they needed for the support of their own little ones, they could give the poor widow little else than their genuine sympathy. The children were all quite young, and, as the neighbors said, it seemed a pity that the two oldest were girls. The boy was scarcely more than a baby when his father died, and there was also a baby girl.

The poor widow took in sewing and nursed the sick, and did her best to keep her little brood together.

Soon the two older girls could earn their own living—one being apprenticed to a dress-maker, the other taking care of a friend's children.

But, as the little mother was not strong, it was a great tax upon her to provide for the two younger children.

The boy had always been called "Boy" during his infancy, but as he grew older his family had prefixed the name Charley, and the name "Charley-boy" had stuck to him all through his childhood. Even now, though he is a gray-haired man, the friends of his youth still call him "Charley-boy."

By the time Charley-boy was nine years of age, he realized his mother's hardships, and felt that he should now be a help to her, instead of eating the bread her tired hands earned. He had already earned a little money occasionally, cleaning off snow in winter and picking berries and cherries in summer, but there was little in his home village for a small boy to do to earn anything, and so we find him feeling quite discouraged one beautiful autumn afternoon, standing in front of the grocery store, hands in pockets and stamping his bare feet to keep them warm.

A farmer drove up and stopped his horses. "I'll hold your horses, sir," exclaimed the little fellow, jumping forward.

"Wish you would, sonny. I'll give you a ride for it."

When the farmer came out he let the boy sit up on the seat beside him, proud as he could be to think he was having a ride, and after a fine span of horses, too.

"Whose boy are you?" inquired the farmer.

"The widow Carter's, sir."

"Indeed! I used to know the Captain well. Mighty pleasant man your father was, my boy. How does your mother get along these days? Let me see, you have some sisters, haven't you?"

The boy answered his questions and then, encouraged by the

man's interest, asked: "Don't you want a boy to help you on your farm, sir?"

Farmer Jones looked at the lad. He saw a small, frail-looking little chap, with a baby face under a tangled mat of curly yellow hair. He surely didn't look as though he would be of much account upon a farm, but there was an earnestness in the big gray eyes that appealed at once to the kind-hearted farmer. "Well," said he, "mother and wife have both been after me to get a boy to do the chores about the place, but I'm afraid they'll think you are too small."

"But I'm strong," exclaimed the boy, extending his arm and clenching his fist to show the muscles. "I'm about as strong as a man. I whipped Jim Allen last week, and he's twelve years old. Oh, yes, I'm very strong, and I can work hard. Just try me."

"Well," said the farmer, slowly, "perhaps you would do; how soon could you come?"

"Right now, sir; that is, if you'll go with me to ask mother."

When they told the widow their errand, she cried out: "Oh, no, no; I couldn't let my little boy, my only son, leave home. I couldn't let him go so far from home."

Fifteen miles seemed a long way to her.

"Oh, come, mother, say I can go. Then I'll be no more expense to you, and before long I can earn money for you. I'm getting to be a big boy now," and he straightened up as tall as possible.

"I'll be good to him, ma'am. I'll send him to the district

school, and clothe and feed him, and teach him to be a good farmer," added Mr. Jones to the boy's appeal.

At length they won over the little woman, and she hurriedly packed his few belongings and clasped her boy to her breast in a farewell embrace. Then she stood upon the steps watching the little form upon the wagon seat until it disappeared from view. How her poor heart ached, or how many tears she shed over this separation, no one but herself ever guessed.

As for the boy, he had shed some tears at parting with his mother, whom he loved very dearly, but soon his mind was full of the future, for was not this the beginning of his career? He kept chatting away to the man at his side, asking questions about the farm, his eyes bright with excitement. But when they reached the long, dark stretch of woods through which they had to drive, his teeth began to chatter with fear, as he had always imagined that the woods were haunted by ghosts after dark. He crept upon the seat closer to his companion and wished himself safely at home with mother and little sister May.

Mr. Jones, not dreaming of the child's terror, beguiled the time away by tales of ghastly deeds committed by Indians and outlaws years ago. Suddenly a little hand clutched his arm and a shrill voice, quivering with fear, screamed: "Oh, look! look! There is a ghost!"

The ghost proved to be a tall white birch, which a parting gleam of the setting sun lightened up amid the dark pines.

You may well believe that the child was glad enough when

they reached the home-like old, yellow farm-house, which was their destination.

After putting up the horses, they hastened into the big, warm kitchen, where a cheerful wood fire burned in the old-fashioned fireplace. An old lady sat beside the fire, while a young woman was arranging the supper table, and a little girl of four years was playing about the room.

The child ran joyously to welcome her father, while the two women glanced at the boy, and then looked questioningly at the man.

It was apparent that the farmer was uneasy as to the welcome the boy would get, as he explained: "Mother, you see I've brought you home a boy to do the chores for you and Eliza. You know you've often asked me to find one."

"We never asked you to bring us home a baby like that child, did we?" snapped out the wife.

The older woman shook her head gravely, remarking that "Tom never did show much judgment."

Poor little fellow, cold, tired and hungry, and this was his welcome to the new home, the home of which he'd dreamed such bright dreams upon the long drive. The tears welled up into his eyes, but he swallowed hard, and tried to explain to them that, though he was small, he was powerfully strong.

The little girl came up to him and slipped a warm little hand into one of his cold ones, and Charley-boy read a welcome in her soft, brown eyes.

It did not take the boy long to prove what he had so proudly asserted, that he was stronger than he looked—and before many weeks had passed the entire family wondered how they had gotten on without Charley-boy. Yes, they called him Charley-boy upon the farm, too, for when they first inquired his name, he answered "Charley-boy," and then quickly coloring, corrected himself and said "Charles Carter." But Charley-boy he was to them from that day on.

What a busy life the little fellow's was! Up at half-past four on cold, blustering, winter mornings to help milk the cow, tend to the other stock and make the house fires, then off to school for the day, and, after that, more work, supper and to bed. That first winter the nights were the hardest of all. When darkness came he longed for mother and May. After supper he would sit with Florence beside him and tell her pretty fairy stories, and wish that it would never be bed-time, for, though he was very tired and sleepy, he dreaded going up alone into his attic-room over the kitchen.

His little room was close under the roof, and never very cold, because it contained the big chimney. But oh, the noises he heard in the night! He was far from the rest of the family, and old Jack Frost made the nails in the rafters draw and snap so loudly, and the wind howled so drearily, and the mice made such a racket, playing at hide and seek on the bare floor! It was all so very frightful for a little boy who had hitherto always slept in mother's room at home. When he awakened in the night he would watch

the queer shadows in the room. What he well knew in daylight to be strings of dried apples and red peppers, at night took on such fantastic shapes, and often looked like huge hands stretched out toward him in the darkness.

But, in spite of his hard work by day and frights by night, he grew tall and fat on the farm, and after a while the lovely summer came again, and made the woods and fields a beautiful fairy-land. Then there were times that he could run and play out of doors with Florence, and fish in the little stream close by. Occasionally, too, Mr. Jones took him with him to town, so he could visit his mother and sisters. But, alas, after each of these visits he had to suffer the dreadful pangs of home-sickness.

Then came another winter, with an additional care, but a very pleasant one, for little Florence began to go to school with him. When the snow was very deep, or the day extremely cold, Mr. Jones would drive the children to school in his sleigh, but most of the days they walked to the district school a mile away.

One day, just as school was out, it began to snow, but not hard at first, so the children started gayly upon their way home. Before they had gone far, the wind began to blow a frightful gale; thicker and faster fell the snow, until, in the gloom of the late afternoon, they could scarcely see a yard ahead. The snow blew in their faces and almost smothered them.

Charley-boy pulled Florence along by the hand as far as she could walk, and then carried her in his arms as long as his strength would permit. Then he took off his coat and buttoned it about the

little girl and called with all his might, but the wind was calling louder than he could, and soon smothered his poor little voice. Once more the children struggled on, and once more Florence gave out and had to be carried, but just as the poor little boy felt that they must lie down in the snow to freeze, a loud "Halloo!" reached his ears.

With a great effort he answered back, and in another moment Mr. Jones had Florence in his arms, and with the brave little boy clinging to his coat, he struggled to the farm-house, which was really close at hand. Mr. Jones handed the girl to her mother, and turned just in time to catch the boy as he fell, exhausted and almost frozen, upon the threshold.

They rubbed the children's hands and feet with snow, and poured hot drinks down their throats, and then tucked them into nice, warm beds, from which they arose next morning very little the worse for their hard experience in the blizzard.

Florence's father, mother and grandmother all realized that but for the bravery of Charley-boy their darling little girl would have perished in the storm, before her father could have found her —and from that day they all loved the boy very dearly.

He laid his ear close against the bark of the taller tree.

Anne Dailey

THE PINE TREE'S STORY

ITTLE HUGH was a true lover of nature and he especially loved the pine trees that grew upon the hillside near the mountain cottage where he lived. His favorite nook was a rustic seat between two pines—one very tall, the other much shorter. He often listened to their sighings, and had noticed that the taller pine sighed the most. He wondered why such a big, tall, strong fellow should be so sad. One day as he sat beneath their boughs he fancied that he heard voices speaking very softly, so that he could scarcely hear the words above the sighs. He laid his ear close against the bark of the taller tree and heard this conversation:

"Father," asked the younger tree, "what makes you so sad to-day? You sigh with every breath."

"I am thinking of the past, my son; of the life I lived when I was happiest."

"Tell me about your life then—will you, father?"

"Yes, I will tell you of my youthful days, when I was no older nor taller than you are now. Oh, my poor son! You can

never look back upon such a past as mine! Never can you know my dearest friends, the red-men. They were my first friends and companions. How lonely I feel to think that never again shall I see them. Alas, the white men can never take their place in my affections. When I was very young, only a tiny sprout, the Indians lived all about here. They took great care that their moccasined feet did not tread upon my little head, stepping carefully around me. You can see the narrow path that runs between us now. That is the path made by their feet as they passed and repassed me, going and coming from their hunts.

"The little pappooses played about me, and it filled my heart with joy to see them so happy. Though they seldom laughed aloud, as your pale-faced young friends do, neither did they scream and cry with pain or anger, as do your young friends.

"Never can I forget the great, beautiful dances their parents and the young bucks and maidens used to perform. How I wish, my son, that you might see one of their wonderful fire dances, though 'tis true that some of my relatives and friends perished in the flames of those dances. Yet they were kinder to us than the white men have been.

"In those good old days the lion, the wild-cat, wolf and fox, and the great buffalo, were our friends and playmates. I grew taller and taller, with these dear, wild friends about me, when, suddenly, the white man appeared and drove away almost all of my friends. The red-men fled before their long, ugly guns, and so did the most of my animal friends. Then they began to cut

down my tree relatives, and to tear out the big rocks to make a road over which they could drive the horses and mules that pulled their wagons. Next, they sawed up many of my tree friends to build their houses and barns, and at length, and worst of all, they used them for blocks, called ties, and nailed long, steel rails upon them; and soon the big, black monster they call an engine came puffing and blowing and belching forth smoke and sparks as it rushed past us, shrieking and screaming like a demon. Then how my wild friends fled into the dense forests, where they could neither see nor hear this frightful monster! Soon few were left but the chipmunks and birds, who loved us too well to desert us, knowing that we were powerless to lift our heavy feet and flee like the rest. Ugh! how I do hate the big, black monster—and I have good reason for doing so, too. Didn't the sparks he spit out, that first dry summer that he appeared in our midst, burn up my dear parents!"

"Oh, yes, father," interrupted the young pine, "I, too, can remember when my grandparents were burned. What a grandly beautiful flame they sent up. Do you remember how the children clapped their hands and shouted at the beautiful sight? I have never seen a finer fire."

"For shame, son! Would you rejoice over the death of your own grandparents! I fear you are not a worthy descendant of your noble ancestors, the tallest and strongest of all the pines, if you rejoiced with those wretched little pale-faces at such a pitiful sight."

"No, father, you wrong me. Remember how young I was then. Now, I would sigh as loudly as you do to see one of our family suffer such destruction, and thus be deprived of being of use in the building of houses or the making of furniture or in any other way useful to mortals. Indeed, I pray that you and I may not be uselessly destroyed, as were our noble ancestors."

"What! Would you be content to serve our enemy, the pale-face? Would you be content to cook his food or to be made into the table at which he eats? Not so I. I who am his senior and his better—for boast as he may of his ancestors, mine have far surpassed his in both age and size. Bah, my son! Would you fall so low as to be his serf?"

"Yes, father, I should be content to die at any time if by so doing I could benefit the world. Yet do not think that I am weary of life, for I find it very good and I would like to live for many years, that I might see these children, who now play about me, grow up into manhood and womanhood. However, if I should meet the fate I most desire, I must be cut down while I am still young—before I have grown much taller."

"And what is this fate which you most desire, my son?"

"It is to be used as a Christmas tree in the cottage close by; to have my dear little friends dance and sing about me, and to have the colored candles burned like incense upon me, and the pretty toys hung from my branches. That is my dearest dream."

"But, my son, after the candles have burned out and the toys

have been taken off, then you would be thrown aside to slowly wither and die. Think of that."

"Yes, I have thought of it; but for that part I care not. Only let my last days be spent in making my dear friends joyous, and I shall die content."

Little Hugh listened for a while longer, but could hear nothing but the deep sighing of the older pine. Then he ran into the house to tell the family what he had heard. Of course, they laughed at him and said he must have been dreaming. They had never heard a pine tree talk, and some people can't believe anything unless they have seen or heard it themselves, poor things. But, nevertheless, to please his boy, the following Christmas-tide his father cut down the young pine tree and they decorated it very beautifully, and upon Christmas-eve, while all the children were dancing and laughing, little Hugh heard the tree chuckling to himself, and he went up to it and touched one of the boughs and whispered, "You are the nicest tree I ever knew, and I love you dearly," and then the tree, laughed so loudly that Hugh was certain the others must have heard it, but they didn't, being deaf to the voice of the pine family. They said again that the dear little boy had been napping, and that it was late, and he must go to bed.

When the Christmas tree was quite withered and dried, they cut it into nice thick pieces for the fireplace, and all the family agreed with Hugh that it made the warmest and brightest fire they had ever seen. As the fire was dying out in the last log, little

Hugh said very softly: "Good-bye, my dear pine friend. Are you happy and content to die this way?" And the log said faintly: "Yes, perfectly happy; perfectly content."

And then they lifted little Hugh and carried him gently to bed, for they found him sound asleep upon the warm, soft hearth-rug.

The Little Stream.

THE STREAM'S ERROR

OR MANY years the little stream had been running down the mountain side, leaping over the stones in its way and singing gayly as it performed its deeds of mercy. First, the dainty blue and white columbine and pink, wild honeysuckle must be given their life-giving drinks of its pure, cold waters. Farther down the mountain, the trees and wild rose bushes claimed their share, and in the valley below the people of the little hamlet and their cattle were all dependent upon him for their very lives. It had ever been a joy to him to feel his importance, and gradually he had begun to think of the trees, grasses, flowers and cattle, and even the people, as belonging to him. All were nourished by his loving care.

His mother, the kind-hearted little spring, would sing to him every morning: "Now, go forth, my son, and perform your deeds of mercy. Let nothing suffer through your neglect." The dear, unassuming, little mother never hinted to him that but for her he would never have lived to do these deeds of mercy. She never reminded him that it was she who first showed him the way down

the mountain side, so that he might make the valley blossom into beauty. No, she let him take all the glory to himself, and after a time he became very conceited, and wanted to hear his praises sung all along his course, down to the great river.

One morning, as he was running along, thinking how very important he was, he noticed one of the columbines and a honeysuckle whispering and nodding gayly to each other, and he stopped and asked them what they were saying, but they only laughed, and wouldn't repeat their conversation. All day he thought about it, and fretted and scolded to himself, until even the cows in the valley noticed it and said: "What has made our friend, the stream, unhappy? He is not singing this morning, and yet it is a perfect July day; the sun shines brightly and the world is very beautiful."

But the stream kept saying to himself: "Oh, yes, it's well enough for me to give them their daily drink. They owe their lives to me, yet do not think enough of me to repeat their conversation. I do believe they were making fun of me. I'd like to teach them a lesson." And then the wicked tempter whispered: "Why not? Why not let them go thirsty for a while? Then they would realize how much you have done for them."

Alas, the stream listened to this bad advice, and finally decided that, as he had worked many years for his friends, he now needed a vacation, and, without consulting his wise little mother, he worked all that night upon another path, so that he could run down another side of the mountain, where there was nothing but rocks and sand, and where he would not have to help others at all. The

first day it was great fun, he thought, leaping from rock to rock and picturing to himself how surprised and frightened his old friends must feel at his absence.

But upon the second morning, when his mother sent him off with the old message, "Go forth, my son, and do your deeds of mercy. Let nothing suffer through your neglect," he felt quite ashamed. Of course, the stay-at-home little mother had not discovered that he was taking a vacation from his work.

All that day he felt sad and lonely. The rocks didn't approve of his intrusion into their midst, and wouldn't give him a word of greeting. There was nothing pretty to look at, and he found it so monotonous that he decided that next day he'd return to his old friends and his work. But, sad to relate, he found his old course blocked by a huge rock that had fallen during his absence. All day long he worked as hard as he could, trying to move the rock, but it didn't budge an inch. The following day and the next he had the same ill success. He looked up at the bright sun and begged him to hide behind a cloud so that his dear, thirsty friends might not perish under the fierce rays. But the sun shone on relentlessly, and seemed to delight in punishing him for his wicked selfishness.

Finally, he went to his mother and confessed his guilt, and begged her to help him push the rock away from his old path. The mother was deeply grieved, but hastened forth to assist him to remove the obstacle. With their combined efforts they soon succeeded, and the stream ran with all his might down the mountain

side to his poor friends. When he drew near to the columbine and honey-suckle, he beheld a pitiful sight. All their beautiful blossoms lay scattered and dead, and they themselves were so ill that they could not speak to him when he came and poured the welcome water into their parched throats.

As soon as he knew they would live, he hastened on to his tree and bush friends, whose leaves were turning yellow and sadly drooping. Then on and on, reviving all upon his way, his heart sick at the sight of the suffering he had caused.

The cattle had been driven away to another stream, and the people of the hamlet were all ill from drinking water they had brought from a dirty pool.

It took many, many drinks of the pure cold water to heal his suffering friends, and then they said: "Dear stream, why did you forsake us? You were always dearly beloved by us all."

When the stream told the columbine and honey-suckle why he had gone off vexed, they explained to him what their secret had been. Each was expecting another new bloom to show him next morning, and they had been talking together of the pleasant surprise for him.

You can imagine how ashamed the stream was, and how he tried to make up for his error by being kinder than ever to his friends.

He promised his mother that never again would he lose his temper and ill use his great power for doing good. And he kept his word.

Both of
the children
wore
overalls,
So that they
could run
and climb.
Anne Bailey

THE JAMES CHILDREN, AND THEIR TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS

REAT joy reigned in the James' household when the angels brought to it a beautiful boy baby. For weeks five-year-old Louise had prayed for a baby, and now, that one had really come, she was almost wild with joy, though she couldn't help feeling a little jealous that mamma and nurse should be taking all the care of it. However, she felt certain that when he was older and could walk she would have him entirely to herself, and that he was as truly her own as was her favorite dolly, Clara Belle. At first he grew so slowly that Louise was quite impatient waiting.

When baby began to walk he was very funny and interesting, tumbling about—such a little roly-poly. And when he began to talk their language he gave them endless amusement, mixing the newly-learned words with those of his own sweet baby talk. His little sister never tired of teaching him the names of things, and she was the proudest little girl in the land when he began to call her "Weeze," his way of saying her name.

How she did love him! She loved to see his soft, pink little

body in the bath and to kiss his sweet, fat neck and to play "piggies" with his tiny toes.

Louise always spoke of the baby as "My Baby," and her parents called him "The Boy," for in vain had they searched for a name good enough for the wonderful baby. They had thought of naming him Henry for papa's father, or Charles for mamma's, but papa's family were so strongly in favor of the former, while mamma's people held out so firmly for the latter, that both had to be abandoned in order to keep peace in the families.

Then there was papa's name, dearest of all to mamma. But papa had a nephew who bore his full name, and he thought it would be confusing to have two little boys called by the same name; so "The Boy" had remained a poor, nameless baby.

It was decided to spend the baby's second summer in the coolness of the Rockies, and so Mr. James accepted the kind invitation of a relative to take possession of his summer cottage, in a quiet, charming nook of the mountains.

Louise had never before visited the mountains, and upon the way up her exclamations of surprise and delight greatly amused the other passengers.

How can I picture her joy when they had left the railroad and were driven to the cozy cottage, with its yard filled with columbine and other wild flowers! Just outside the fence ran a laughing little stream, and close by was a dear little mirror of a lake with a boat upon it.

The grand old mountains, some covered with thick forests,

others barren and rugged to their snowy crowns, surrounded this little Garden of Eden so completely that Louise wondered how ever they got in, or would get out again.

How good the hastily prepared dinner tasted! And how pretty the large bouquet of the blue and white columbine, that Louise had gathered, looked upon the table!

While the others were unpacking and preparing the dinner, Louise had been having a great romp in the yard, and had made the acquaintance of a funny little animal, something like a rat and something like a squirrel.

He sat up and looked at her pertly, while she called papa to tell her what it was. He said it was a chipmunk, and that there were hundreds of them up there. Later, when they were eating dinner, it jumped up on a bench near the window, and seemed to watch them very wistfully.

So Louise and baby scattered some crumbs about, close to the window, and soon he came back and ate them greedily. Before they had left the mountain cottage to return home, they had tamed this little chipmunk so he would come up and eat right out of their hands.

That afternoon the two children were taken for a row upon the tiny lake with their parents and Auntie Belle, and later, in the twilight, Auntie and Louise took a long ramble about the place.

They found three of the dearest little summer-houses, which Louise at once claimed for her play houses. One, which nestled among the willows, so it was almost hidden from view, they named

Willow-Nook; another was Brook-Side, as it was built out over the stream and almost surrounded by water; but prettiest of all was Rose-Bower, which was built high upon the hillside and surrounded and carpeted by wild roses.

The view from Rose-Bower was grand and beautiful. One could look far down the valley and catch glimpses of the stream, which looked like a ribbon of silver curving in and out through groups of stately pines and thick brush of willow and birch.

In another direction was a fine view up the canon, and close by, at the foot of the hill, nestled the white cottage with the little lake beside it. The hillside was dotted with pink roses and blue and white columbine, while in a field below a number of delicate mariposa lilies lifted their cups above the thick grass.

Seated in this bower, they watched the glorious sunset and felt closer to the Heavens and Spiritual World than ever before.

That night it was a tired but very happy little girl who crept into the funny little cot-bed, and when she had said her prayer, she added:

"Please, God, let us stay here forever and ever, for I'd rather be here than any place, even in Heaven."

Next morning mamma was awakened by Louise, who ran into the room calling to them:

"Wake up; I've something to tell you. Oh, mamma, please wake up papa, so I can tell you both what I've decided to name the baby."

"Well," said papa, sleepily, "what is it, daughter?"

"It's Webster. Isn't Webster James a fine name? We'll name him after this lovely place, and it will be so nice for him to be named for the place where he's always going to live."

"Always going to live—how's that, Louise?"

"That's so; you don't know that I decided I'd like to live here, and asked God to let us. Of course we will, for He always gives me what I pray for—don't He, mamma? Didn't He send my baby because I prayed for one?"

"Oh, there is that darling baby now, crowing away. Does he know he has a name? It's Webster—now how do you like that, Mr. Webster James?"

"See, mamma, he does like it! Hear him coo, and see how he's smiling. Now we must have him christened by his pretty name; but, mamma, how can we, when there is no church here? I suppose we'll have to go home long enough for that, won't we, mamma?"

She couldn't understand why her parents should laugh. Then they explained to her some of the reasons why they couldn't always live in the mountains, and also told her that, while this was a charming place in the summer, the winter was cold and drear. So Louise decided to have as good a time as she could while she was in this ideal spot, and go down home again for the winter, and then have the baby christened. Her parents consulted about the name, and agreed to give Louise her way about it, as she had chosen an honored name, of which their boy might be proud.

What a continual picnic that summer was for the two little

ones!—picking numerous bouquets; chasing chipmunks; making mud pies by the little spring; filling their little baskets with chips from the hillside, and carrying them to Mary for the fire; picking the wild raspberries and strawberries, that quickly disappeared into their little mouths, and doing a hundred other enjoyable things.

The grown people had as good a time as the little ones—climbing the mountains, rowing upon the lake, fishing in the stream, driving through the picturesque canons, or reading and day-dreaming in the comfortable hammocks on the broad veranda or in the pretty summer houses.

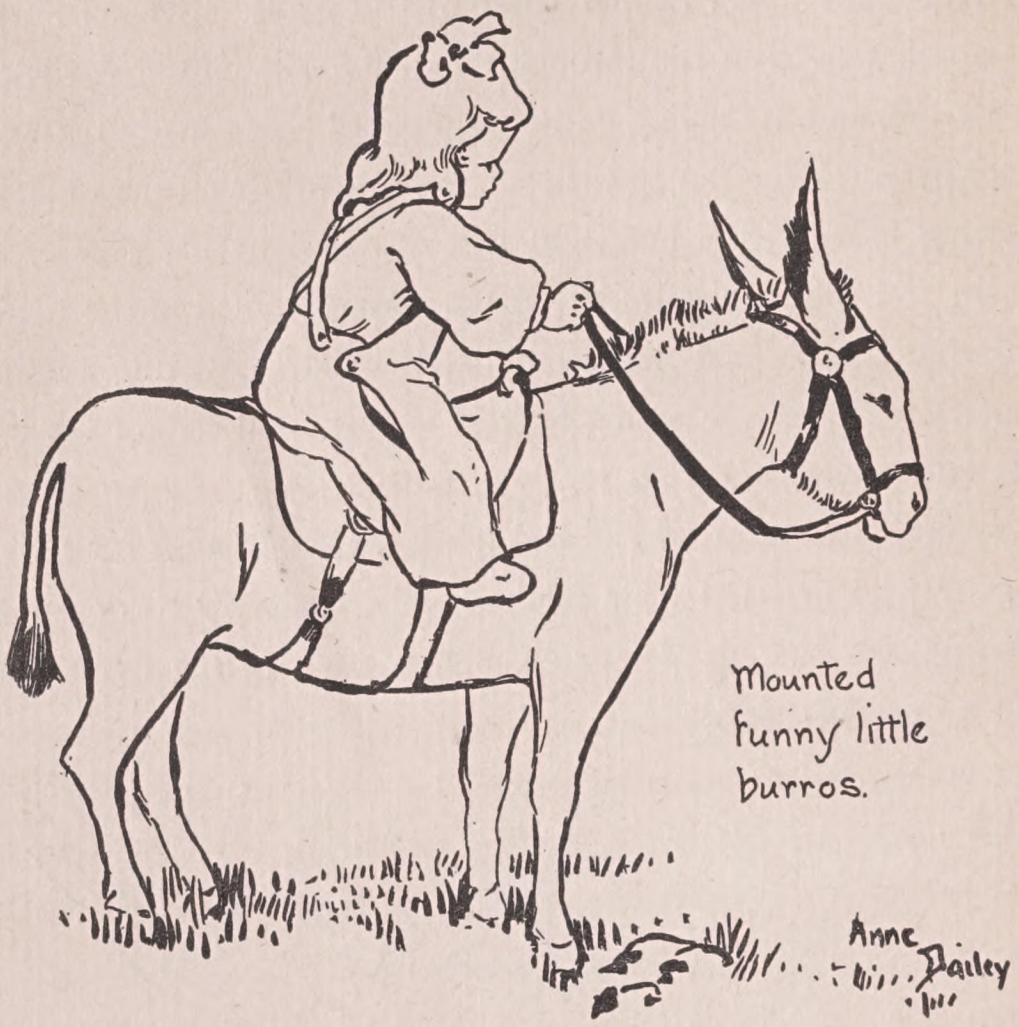
Both the children wore overalls, so that they could run and climb about with greater freedom and safety. Louise was delighted to be a boy, as she termed it, and insisted upon being called "Tommy." But, funniest of all, was Baby Webster, in his tiny overalls, surmounted by his baby cloak and his golden curls, half hidden by a little blue sunbonnet. Such a funny mixture of boy and baby! How proudly he strutted about, feeling that he was almost as big as papa—with but one regret—that his pockets were not big enough to hold all the pretty pebbles from the hillside!

The children had been so obedient about remaining inside the house-yard, when not attended by the older people, that their parents had ceased to watch them constantly, when one day their mother had a dreadful fright. Papa had gone to the village for the mail, and auntie was out for a walk; mamma and Mary were busy in the house. When mamma had last looked out, both chil-

dren were merrily playing horse, Louise mounted upon the low fence and Webster upon a broom-stick.

Suddenly mamma noticed that the place was very still and hurried to the door; neither child was in sight. She called, but got no answer. She ran through the gate to the foot-bridge across the stream, and, trembling with fear, noticed how rapidly the water swept by; then she ran to the road, calling wildly all the time, but knowing how quickly her voice was drowned by the roar of the stream and the sighing of the pines. Mary joined in the search. Suddenly they beheld auntie and both children waving to them from Rose-Bower. Mamma hurried to them and caught the little ones into her arms, crying for joy.

Auntie had returned and had taken the children off for a walk, forgetting to first tell their mother. She was very sorry for the suffering she had caused, and you may be sure she never made such a mistake again.


Mounted
funny little
burros.
Anne Bailey

THE VISIT TO THE MINE

NE bright, lovely morning, while the James family were visiting in the mountains, they drove off in the two-seated spring wagon for a visit to a big mine, in which Mr. James owned an interest. They left the cottage at six o'clock, as they had a very long ride ahead of them. Soon they entered a wild looking canon, through which they drove for about ten miles. The grandeur of the rugged mountains which walled the canon; the clear stream of water, roaring as it fell over the big boulders; the myriads of beautiful wild-flowers in all colors, and the deep blue sky overhead, made this a ride never to be forgotten by any of the party, not even by little Louise.

At the mills of the mine, which were located at the end of the wagon road, papa staked the horses, where they could get good grass and water—and then, spreading the lunch out upon a table-cloth on the grass, they all began to eat with the keenest of mountain appetites. Their water-pitcher was the ice-cold spring, which bubbled up within a few feet of their table, and they found the water most refreshing.

The children thought this was the nicest picnic lunch they had ever had; certainly they had chosen a most picturesque spot in which to eat it. Suddenly Louise exclaimed:

"Look at the hole in the mountain! I can see the blue sky right through. Is that your mine, papa?"

"What you see, Louise," explained papa, "is not a hole, but a big ore dump just outside the entrance to the big tunnel, and the greenish-blue color of the ore does look exactly like a piece of blue sky."

After lunch, when the baby had been put to sleep, they left him with Mary, and mounted some funny little burros that had been provided for them, and began to climb up the mountain side.

How they had to whip the stubborn little animals to keep them going! Sometimes they thought it more work than it would be to climb by foot; but when they had tried the latter mode, they were very glad to get back upon the burros, for the light air at that high altitude made it very hard for them to breathe when they exerted themselves much.

At a snow bank, Louise insisted upon getting down and having a good slide, so she and her papa sat down on the hard, smooth snow, and were soon at the bottom of the drift. Oh, what fun it was! Louise had to repeat it several times before she felt satisfied to proceed upon her burro.

Soon they had to cross a deep gully that was filled with snow the year round. It was about eighteen feet deep, and after her papa had told them the depth, Louise was afraid to cross, lest their burros should sink with them.

At last they reached the entrance to the big tunnel, and Louise took a good look at the ore which had looked so blue to her in the distance. It looked greener now, since she was close to it.

The kind miners lent them their rubber coats and caps, and they had brought their rubbers along, so they went into the tunnel well prepared for the dripping moisture. The long, narrow hole was so dark and cold that they were all glad they were not the miners who had to work there every day.

Their guide chipped off and gave to them some rich samples of ore. But little Louise couldn't see anything very interesting in this dismal place, and was wishing herself out in the bright sunshine, when suddenly they came to a beautiful sight. She thought they must have stepped into "Aladdin's Cave," and rubbed her eyes hard to find out if she really were awake.

The last four hundred feet of the tunnel was a beautiful crystal palace. Never did Jack Frost do more beautiful work. The water which had slowly oozed through the rocky ceiling and walls had frozen into the most delicate fretwork, and taken most fantastic shapes. Lighted by the tiny flames of the candles which they carried, it was certainly a dazzling sight, and they all begged to remain longer in this fairy-land when papa said it was time to go out again. Close to the tunnel was a big, black hole which the miners called a shaft, and papa and auntie decided to go down into this deep shaft in a big bucket, which was lowered by a heavy iron chain.

Louise was so afraid to have them go down that she cried,

though the guide assured her there was no danger. She was greatly relieved to have them safely back again on the top of the ground, and was surprised when auntie said they had been almost to China, for she thought China was away across the Pacific Ocean.

"Now," said papa, "you must see one more wonderful sight before we return. We must climb to the top of this mountain, for, as it's a clear day, we can see the famous Mount of the Holy Cross from there."

They had to leave their burros and climb by foot, and it seemed as though they should never reach the top. Mamma and Louise gave it up several times and were about to start back, but, knowing that they would be sorry afterwards if they missed this wonderful sight, they took new courage and finally reached the top.

And what a view they had! Dozens of high peaks lifted up their snowy heads about them. It seemed as though all the world must be covered with mountains. Far below them stretched beautiful valleys, and the rivers running through them looked like threads of silver.

Papa had brought a pair of field-glasses, and through them they could see a flock of mountain sheep browsing in one of the valleys. Far away upon another mountain they thought they could see a solitary deer drinking from a stream.

But what interested them most of all was the view of the Mount of the Holy Cross. There, stretched out upon the high, rocky peak in front of them, were the snowy arms of the cross. The sublimity, the sacredness of the beloved symbol, which seemed

laid there by the very hand of the Almighty, filled them with awe, so that none spoke for quite awhile. The thoughts of that other cross which once rested upon a mount, one not white with snow, but red with the blood of the Great Master, filled their eyes with tears.

After awhile Louise broke the stillness by asking if God really made that cross, and papa answered: "Yes, in His way, He did." Nature had left the deep crevices in the mountain which formed the cross, and then the beautiful snow had filled them and made it what it was.

As mamma was anxious about her baby, they hurried down the mountain as fast as they could, and were very glad when they reached the burros, and could rest their aching limbs by riding the rest of the way. They found the baby rested and happy after his long nap, and they had a happy ride home, singing gayly most of the way.

The next day was rainy, so auntie told Louise a story about the discovery of a mine, knowing that she would be interested in that subject after having just visited a real mine.

Once there was a little boy, not much older than you, who had lived in the mountains all his life. His papa was always digging deep into the mountains trying to find gold and silver—and that is why the family lived where they did. One day, after a rain, while

he and his friend Charlie were admiring a beautiful rainbow, his friend said:

"Frank, don't you wish we could get the pot of gold at the end of that rainbow?"

"Indeed I do," said Frank; "if I had it I'd buy me some new snow-shoes for next winter, and a pony and just lots of things. Say, Charlie, let's hunt for it; it looks as though it ended right over the other side of that mountain," pointing to the nearest mountain.

Charlie shrugged his shoulders, saying: "You can hunt for it, but I'm tired and am going home to supper now. Good-bye—wish you luck," and away went Charlie, who was always too lazy to exert himself much for anything.

Frank started off full of hope. He climbed the mountain, and had begun to descend the other side, when the rainbow suddenly vanished, and he couldn't tell where the end had been. He was so badly disappointed that he sat down and cried, for he was tired and hungry, and the darkness was coming very fast. He began to realize how far he was from home, and he had heard his father tell of seeing a mountain lion on that side of the mountain. What if one should come now? Oh, dear, how he wished himself safely home again! But soon he realized that he was not behaving like a little man, and he rubbed the tears from his eyes and started toward home as fast as he could go.

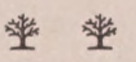
As he picked his way up the steep mountain side, he noticed some peculiar stones that looked like some pieces of ore in his

father's cabinet at home. His father had told him how rich those pieces were with gold. Perhaps those, too, had gold in them, so he picked them up and filled his pockets, then made a little mound of stones to mark the place, in case his father thought it worth while to prospect there, and hurried home.

If it had not been a moonlight night, I fear that Frank would have been lost upon the mountain, for it was late when he reached home, and he found his parents watching anxiously for him. He was so hungry that he forgot the stones in his pockets, until he had finished a hearty supper. Then he handed them to his father, who found that they were very rich, and they decided to start early next morning for the place he'd marked, in hopes to discover a rich vein of mineral.

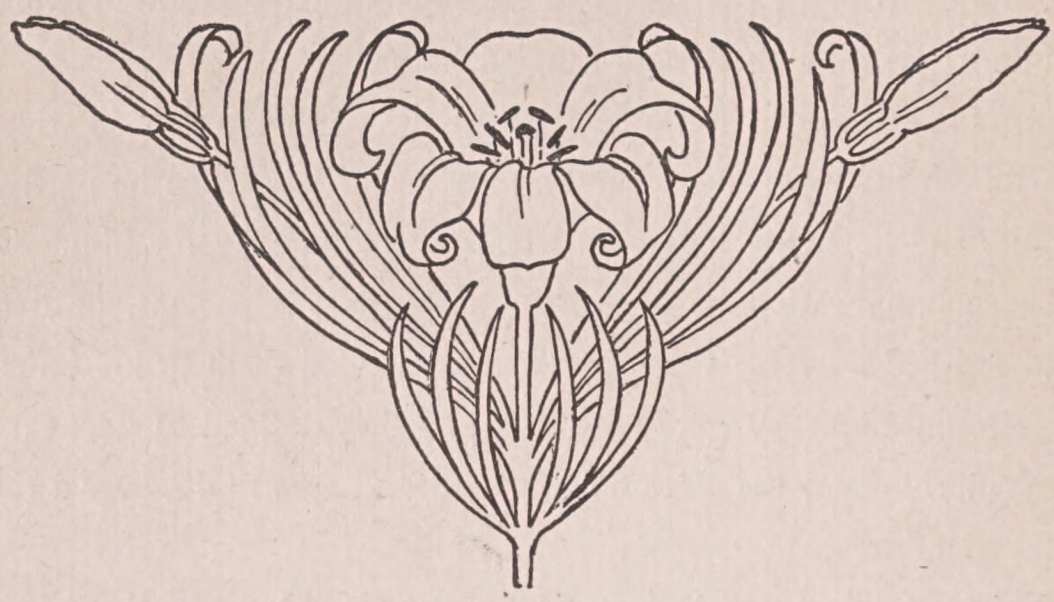
They did so, and the mine Frank found made them very wealthy, so that they left their little mountain home and moved into a big city, where Frank could get a fine education. Afterward they traveled all over the world, and had a very happy time. Frank always said the mine was the pot of gold he found at the end of the rainbow, and so they called their mine "Pot of Gold."

You may be certain that Charlie and his parents were always sorry that he was too lazy to go with Frank that day, for, if he had, they would have owned part of the mine.



"I like that story," said Louise. "Oh, auntie, there's a rainbow now; let us go and find that pot of gold."

But auntie shook her head, saying that it was too wet, and that she believed she would rather eat the good supper she smelled cooking than find a pot of gold.



SOME OF AUNTIE BELLE'S STORIES

UNTIE BELLE was very fond of her little niece, Louise, and often made her very happy by telling her stories. When they were in the mountains the evenings were often too cool for the family to remain out of doors, and then auntie would tell the little girl stories until bed-time. One evening she told her this funny monkey story: My friend, Edith Sykes, had a brother who took a trip around the world, and when he came home he brought the family many unique presents, among which was a little monkey for his fun-loving little sister, Elsie.

Of course Elsie was delighted, and the monkey took a fancy to her at once—seemed to know that he belonged to her, and would always obey her, though she never punished him. She named him Ted, and the two became great companions. When she went out on her bicycle Ted rode on the handle-bars, and when she went for a walk Ted had to go, too.

He slept in a soft little basket by her bed, and kept very quiet so as not to awaken his little mistress in the night. But some cold night he would creep into the bed beside her to get warm, for monkeys don't like the cold.

He used to play such funny pranks. Sometimes he'd hide her shoes or her hair ribbons, and make her hunt all over the room for them. When Elsie was in a great hurry and needed what he'd hidden, she would pretend to cry, and then he'd quickly bring her things to her and lick her hand, and seem to beg her pardon, for he loved her very much.

Of course, Elsie had to go to school, and so couldn't be with Ted all the time, and sometimes he was a great torment to the rest of the family, as he wouldn't mind any of them. He would get very angry when he couldn't have his own way, and would often pull hair and scratch Elsie's folks. They often threatened to send him away, but then Elsie would cry and plead so hard for her pet that they would relent and agree to give him another trial.

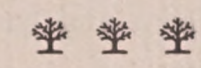
But one day he did something that they couldn't forgive. He had been begging for some cake, and because they wouldn't give him any he deliberately threw a beautiful vase upon the floor, breaking it into atoms. Brother Richard was home at the time, and he quickly put Master Ted in a cloth sack and carried him to the Park, where he presented him to the city's Zoological Gardens.

You can imagine the scene when poor Elsie came home and found that her monkey was gone forever. For a time she was so very unhappy and naughty about it, that her family almost wished the wretched monkey back. But, after awhile, she found some comfort in riding out to the Park every pleasant day, and taking nuts and cake to her pet. Then the keeper would let him out of the

cage for a frolic with her, a sight which the visitors to the Park thoroughly appreciated.

"Oh, what fun Elsie must have had! How I wish my papa would get me a monkey—and a parrot, too. Don't you know a parrot story, auntie?"

"Yes," said her auntie, "and I will tell it to you."



Some friends of mine had an aunt of whom they were very fond. She lived in a neighboring town and often came to visit them. Sometimes she asked them to entertain a friend of hers for a day or so, who was passing through their city. They were generally pleased to do her such favors, but one time they felt that she asked too much of them.

It was Christmas time, and in answer to their urgent invitation to her to spend that glad day with them she wrote that she was unable to accept, but would send as a substitute a friend of hers, Mrs. O'Riley, whom she trusted they would treat as one of the family.

"What a nuisance to have a stranger to entertain upon such a day," exclaimed little Val, and he voiced the sentiment of the entire family.

Christmas morning the daughters of the house aired the guest-room and made a bright fire in the grate, so that their aunt's

friend would find a comfortable room after the cold drive from the station. The father of the family had driven down to meet her, and as the train was late, he was obliged to wait a long hour in the cold.

It was close to the dinner hour when the girls saw their father driving toward the house alone.

"Thank goodness, she didn't come," said Beth.

"But think of all our trouble for nothing," exclaimed Jennie.

The father stopped in front and called for one of the boys to come out and help Mrs. O'Riley into the house, and what do you think he had in the sleigh? A parrot in a cage, all covered with a warm blanket. Attached to the cage was a tag with this inscription: "I'm Mrs. O'Riley; please treat me kindly."

How they all did laugh, and Mrs. O'Riley laughed with them, for she was very glad to get into a nice, warm house after her long, cold ride.

She proved to be a very accomplished polly, and could laugh and sing and also cry, just like a tiny baby. Often when they had company they were obliged to shut her up, for she was so noisy. One evening the young people gave a big party, and before their guests arrived they shut the parrot up in the attic room.

During the evening some one suggested a game of hide and seek, and off the young people scampered to find hiding places. One of the girls thought of a good hiding place in the attic. The hall light enabled her to find her way up, but when she had closed the attic door, and found herself in total darkness, she decided

to go down again. But hunt as she could, she couldn't find the door, and suddenly she was terror-stricken to hear a hoarse voice whisper:

"Look out—look out!"

The poor girl's screams brought help at once, and she felt quite ashamed when she found out that she had been afraid of a parrot.

I am sorry to say that little Louise was not always a pleasant little girl, so one day, when she had been quite disagreeable, auntie told her this story about Mary and the Fairybird:

Once there was a little girl named Mary. I might almost say that Mary was two little girls in one (not a two-headed girl, but a little girl with two entirely different dispositions). Sometimes she was as merry and sweet a child as you would wish to see, but at other times she was the crossest and most unhappy little girl in the world. One day she was unusually cross, and her mother said:

"Do run down into the woods and find my sunshine Mary to bring home to me."

Right back of their home was a little strip of woods, so into it rushed Mary, crying loudly as she ran. She sat down on the ground and leaned against a scrubby little oak, whose branches bent low over her head. She kept crying and thinking bitterly that no one loved her, and she didn't care, for she didn't love anybody,

I might almost say that Mary was
two little girls in one.
Anne Bailey

when suddenly she heard her name. She jumped up and looked about, but, as she saw no one, she thought she must have imagined it. But soon she heard "Mary" again, this time very near her. Looking up, she discovered that a beautiful bird was speaking to her.

"Well I never!" she exclaimed. "You're not a parrot; how did you learn to talk?"

"Because I'm a Fairybird."

"What—a fairy? Oh, I'm so glad. I always wanted to see one. Now I know that 'Alice in Wonderland' is a true story, even if my teacher did say it wasn't, and that there are no fairies. Tell me, dear fairy, won't you take me around, and show me the lovely sights of fairyland?"

"Yes, I can show you some very pretty things—that is, if you'll promise never again to be as cross as you have just been."

Poor Mary found such promises easy to make, and as easy to break, so she answered eagerly:

"Yes, yes; now show me everything."

"Then stand upon your tip-toes and peep into that bird's nest just above you."

"Oh, oh! Such dear little blue eggs! I'll take them all home with me."

"No, Mary, you musn't touch the eggs, for if you did none of the little birds would hatch out, to sing under your windows, and besides, think how badly Mr. and Mrs. Robin would feel to

come home and find both nest and eggs gone! It would almost break their hearts."

"Then I wouldn't touch them—not for anything; indeed I wouldn't, for I love the birds dearly."

"That's a good girl; now peep into the nest on the opposite side of the tree. What do you see now?"

"Oh, the cunningest baby birds—one, two, three, four, five. I surely must take one of these home."

"No, Mary dear, for they have a mother who would grieve dreadfully if one was lost."

"But, dear fairy, she surely wouldn't miss just one."

"How many children has your mother, Mary?"

"Five."

"Well, if one was taken from her would she miss him?"

"Of course she would; what a silly question to ask—she loves us all dearly."

Mary forgot that a short time before she had been saying to herself that nobody loved her.

"Well, child," said the fairy, "the mother-bird loves her babies dearly, too. Besides, they are only babies, and would soon die if taken from their mother."

"Then I suppose I can't have one. But see what they are doing—opening and shutting their bills all the time. They look so funny."

"They are hungry; but here comes the mother-bird. Now hide, Mary, and you will see her feed her young."

Mary hid behind a thick bough, and watched the bird divide a long angle-worm between her babies and then fly away to a neighboring stream, bringing back water in her bill for them. She seemed to be kissing them, but she was giving each a drop of water. They seemed quite satisfied with their breakfast, and soon began chirping cheerily.

Then the Fairybird showed Mary four funny baby squirrels in the hollow of an old tree, and they looked so comical that Mary laughed out loud, and frightened the babies so badly that she thought it best to hurry away from them.

"I've had such a good time, dear fairy, but I'm afraid no one will believe I've been in Fairyland unless I take something home with me. Can't you give me something to keep to remember my trip to Fairyland by?"

"Let me think; do you see those leaves under your feet?"

"Who wants the old dead leaves!" cried Mary petulantly; "I wanted something pretty."

"There, Mary, that's your way of doing things; always losing your temper before your friends have time to explain what they mean. If you don't overcome that habit, you'll grow into a sour old woman, whom no one can love. I was going to ask you to look under the leaves for something pretty to take with you."

Mary looked, and there were the sweetest little pink blossoms, the New England Mayflower. She picked a large bunch of them, and then looked up again, intending to thank the kind fairy, but the bird was gone.

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So she hurired home to her mother, her hands full of the sweet blossoms and a bright smile upon her face.

Her mother was much pleased with the flowers, but most of all pleased with the happy face. When Mary had told her about the Fairybird, mamma took her darling in her arms and explained that the Fairybird must have been a dream.

"But how about the flowers, mamma?" argued Mary. "Well, dearest, sometimes people do not know when they first awaken, and I think that during your dream your feet must have rubbed away some of the dead leaves and uncovered the flowers which you began to pick before you were really awake."

"Whether it was a dream or not, mamma, I have learned a good lesson, and I'm going to be an agreeable, sweet little girl all the time now, so as not to grow into a sour old woman."

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